

COBBETT'S WEEKLY POLITICAL REGISTER.

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"The Country Banks will be more liberal, and will lend their five pounds more freely, in consequence of being relieved of the ones."—GOULBURN'S Speech in the House of Commons, 3d June, 1828.—See Register, Vol. 65. page 755. N.B. The people of England pay this GOULBURN six thousand pounds a-year, as their Chancellor of the Exchequer; and they call him a Right Honourable Gentleman!

BIRMINGHAM PETITION.

TO THE
READERS OF THE REGISTER.

Barn-Elm Farm, 15th June, 1829.

MY FRIENDS,

THIS petition, in the shape of Resolutions, was presented to the House of Commons, or Lower Collective, on the 4th of June, by BROUGHAM. I shall not upon this occasion, make observations of any considerable length on the subject, having, at divers times within this month, done this already. But I shall give the substance of the debate; and, as nearly as I can, the main assertions, or opinions of the several speakers; because this is a matter that we are to hear of again. The petition prayed, that the money of the country might be lowered in value; or that the taxes might be lowered in nominal amount, and that the salaries, pay, pensions, and interest of the Debt might be lowered in the proportion that the money had been raised in value. What, then, was it that the several speakers said upon this subject? And what is it that we have to look for, if they spoke the sentiments of the Government?

BROUGHAM, who presented the petition, began by saying, that he did not agree with the petitioners as to the great-

ness of the extent of the effect of the change in the value of money; that he allowed that this change had had some effect; that he agreed with them that salaries ought to be reduced in amount; and that taxes ought to be reduced, consistent with the good of the public service, but he particularly deprecated any alteration in the currency. Mr. LAWLEY said, that the currency was not the cause of the distress; Mr. WODEHOUSE said it was; and Mr. LEYCESTER said, that the Sinking Fund was the cause!

Mr. DAVENPORT (whose speech I will copy from the report, said, "he perfectly concurred with the petitioners in the amount of distress which pervaded the manufacturing classes, and said that the distress of the country was mainly owing to the various alterations in the currency, and he would maintain, that by those changes, a greater spoliation of private property had been made than had ever been attempted in any other country. The farmers were obliged, at present, to send in at least twice the quantity of produce to pay the same engagement which they sent in before the alteration in the currency. During the former period, the fundholder received three bank notes of one pound each, as the interest of the Three per Cents. Now he receives three sovereigns, and the farmer who had to pay that interest in produce, was compelled to deliver a quantity to purchase the three sovereigns, which, in reality, was double the quantity which before procured him the three notes. He was satisfied the country would be driven into a property-tax to pay off a portion of the debt, and then the Legislature might be able to fix low prices of labour and produce. Or if we did not choose to do so, we had the alternative of adopting an extension of the currency, which would act as a palliative for the time. He considered that the late measure respecting the currency, and the want of the usual accommodation by bankers,

"had produced great distress, and it was particularly felt at this moment when the last rents were to be paid.— Now, what in all the world can he mean about a *property tax to pay off a portion of the Debt*? If he mean, that this tax is to be laid only on the *funds*, he is comprehensible; but, if he mean the tax to be laid on *all property*, how is it to be paid by the landowners, who already cannot, according to his own account, get their rents? If Mr. DAVENPORT mean a property tax on the fundholders only, he means a *partial sponge*: if he do not mean this, he means egregious nonsense; for, how are the landowners to pay a property tax IN ADDITION to all that they now pay, with their rents daily decreasing in amount, and with money daily becoming more and more valuable? This is madness, raving madness; and, therefore, we must, in charity, suppose that Mr. DAVENPORT means a *reduction of the interest of the Debt*, in which respect, on the terms of the NORFOLK PETITION, I agree with Mr. DAVENPORT; but not on any other terms.

WAITHMAN and WHITMORE, as well matched a pair of senators as ever pranced in the Collective, followed Mr. DAVENPORT. The first, in the true shopkeeper style, ascribed the present distress entirely to the *operations of the system of free trade*. Never was such stuff uttered by mortal man, except by the other prancer of the pair, who, stoutly maintained that free trade had nothing to do with the matter; that things would come about, if we had but the courage and good sense to persevere with the system of *free trade*: and that, our only chance of getting out of our present difficulties, would be offered us in "a further relaxation of the restrictive code." God Almighty bless this man!

OBADIAH GURNEY, or HUDSON GURNEY, or whatever his name is, said (in the words of the report) that "it had been proposed, as one means of alleviating the distresses of the country, to reduce the taxation: but with such a debt as we had, and such a machinery of expences, it was impossible to concede any thing in the way of taxation, without leading to a national

bankruptcy. Much had been said of the too-limited amount of metal or small notes in circulation; but any man who had any experience upon the subject must know, that all the main operations of interchange in commerce were carried on by means of bills of exchange. He hoped, then, that as there was always abundance of circulating credit in the country, if ever small notes were put into circulation again, it would not be upon the responsibility of private bankers." So you see OBADIAH does not want the taxes taken off; because he sees that that would take away the means of paying the interest of the Debt, in which respect OBADIAH is perfectly correct. It would be, not a *bankruptcy*, indeed; not a *regular insolvency*; but a "*composition*," resembling those which are going on, at this very moment, in every street in London; it would be a *composition*, OBADIAH, somewhat like that recommended in the Norfolk Petition; and this you will see take place, OBADIAH, if you live for but a very reasonable space of time. The closing sentence of OBADIAH's speech, readers in general will not comprehend off hand. He hopes, that "*if small notes be put forth again!*" Ah! say'st thou so, friend OBADIAH! Hast thou that hypothesis in thy sleek head! However, if they be put out again, OBADIAH hopes that they will not be put out "*upon the responsibility of private bankers*." What the devil dost thou mean, OBADIAH? Why, I will tell my readers what you mean: you mean that there shall be a sort of partnership amongst the Government, the Sow-Bank and the pigs; that the pigs shall put out the five pounds notes; that the sow shall furnish them with legs under the name of *ones*; and that the Government shall protect the sow by a law of *legal tender*: that is what you mean, OBADIAH: and that is what I think is very likely to take place. It is a very feasible scheme; but you will remember, that the paper will be *ASSIGNATS*; and that there will be two prices in the market; that the taxes will be paid in paper-money; that the people will keep the gold amongst themselves, and that the end will

be a general blowing-up, somewhat resembling that which took place in America at one time, and in France at another. So much for OBADIAH's plan.

Next came Mr. ATTWOOD, who maintained the truth of the statements and the soundness of the doctrine of this sensible petition; but his speech being sense, the blackguard or stupid reporters, who have given nearly a column to the senseless stuff of BARING, as much more to that of WILMOT, as much more to that of SADLER, as much more to that of HUSKISSON, and still more to the indescribable nonsense of PEEL, have cut Mr. ATTWOOD off at the end of two inches of a column!

PEEL followed, and said, in substance, that there ought to be no reduction of the interest of the Debt; that the fundholders had a *Parliamentary engagement, that their interest should be paid them in gold*; that the present system ought to be adhered to; that he hoped never to see the day when a Bank Restriction would be necessary; that the present depression had not been caused by a change in the currency; but by other causes; 1. By the transfer of trade from one place to another; 2. By the bad harvest; 3. By the new American Tariff (though he believed that would be counteracted by smuggling); 4. By the war in the Levant; 5. By the disturbed condition of the South American states; 6. By the unhappy state of Portugal; 7. By the universal use of machinery; and, 8. By the importation of manual labour from Ireland! Here are EIGHT CAUSES discovered by the fine young Statesman from WESTBURY: this beautiful young statesman (aged 45, or rather better). But it is very curious to observe, that the greater part of these causes have been at work for several years; and never until now produced these effects. Strange, too, that the transfer of trade from one place to another should break the London shopkeepers by shoals. Strange, too, that under-production (or bad harvest) should cause distress now, when over-production caused it in 1822! However, my business is not to reason with a man like this: my business is merely

to record his sayings. He spoke of RICARDO thus: "Mr. RICARDO laid it down, that the difference in the mint and market price of gold, was the measure of depreciation of the currency; but I DENY THIS."

DADDY PEEL, I denied this, the moment the assertion reached me in LONG ISLAND; and not only denied it, but proved the falsehood of it; but, DADDY PEEL, you founded your bill upon this very doctrine of RICARDO! And what is curious enough, it was only the other night that you put a negative upon my LORD BLANDFORD's motion, and contended for the utility of rotten boroughs, because, as HOBHOUSE had also said, one of those boroughs had procured the nation the advantage of having RICARDO for a Member of Parliament! One word more on DADDY PEEL, "who would not say any thing to hold out an encouragement to smuggling; but who believed that smuggling would compel America to give up the TARIFF, as it had compelled us to give up the exclusion of foreign silk." This statesman can see no difference, then, between the Atlantic Ocean and the gutter which runs between England and France. To carry ship-loads of smuggled goods across the Atlantic, or to carry them even from NOVA SCOTIA, is a monstrous idea. The notion is, that they can be got in from CANADA, or from our miserable provinces which lie to the north of the state of MAINE, on the border of the BAY of FUNDY. Smuggling to a trifling extent may be carried on here; for any thing I know to the contrary; but to smuggle woollens, cottons, and hardware, into the populous and rich part of the UNITED STATES, would, if it could succeed, cost, in many instances, ten times the value of the goods. How is a bale of cotton or cloth to be conveyed by land from PASSAMAQUADDY, or from Upper CANADA to NEW YORK or PHILADELPHIA? The thought is madness; and as for the sea board, we can no more carry on smuggling on any part of it, than we can smuggle things into the moon. Besides, the Americans have got the raw material cheaper than we have; they have provisions at one half

of our price, and they have the power-looms and all the rest of the machinery. They can do very well without us; and in the cotton manufacture, they will very soon as far surpass us, as they have already surpassed us in naval architecture, and in *naval combats*. So, DADDY PEEL, console yourself as well as you can, not only with the perpetuity of the TARIFF, but with another good rousing blow, which I think you will get this year or the next from the same quarter.

BARING, the loan-maker, followed PEEL. He said, that he saw *nothing new in the state of the country*; that he should not be surprised, if, when they met again, they were to find that *a great improvement had taken place*; that in a state of things like the present, the best way was to do like a *man in the dark, stand still till the light came!* That the suppression of one-pound notes *could not be the cause of the distress*, because the distress was greater at GLASGOW and LIVERPOOL than at any other places, and because at the former place the small notes still existed, while at the latter place they never were used to any great extent! That, in fine, it was best to do nothing, but to proceed calmly and temperately in the course we were in. BARING came on again afterwards, but the second bout will come in its due place, and this last bout will be found to be a good one.

Next came WILMOT HORTON, who said, that the cause of the distress manifestly was a *surplus population*; that there was no remedy but that of *sending the people out of the country*; and that of this opinion were those able men and profound political philosophers, MESSRS. TOOKE, MALTHUS, PETER M'CULLOCK, of the London University, the Oxford man (set up by Mr. Drummond) Colonel TORRENS and Mr. RICARDO! Wilmot said, that as to the *currency* being the cause of the distress, "how the alteration of a paper into a metallic circulation *could affect the state of a poor labourer* was to him an *"enigma!"* O, Lord! Such being our law-makers, no one need be surprised at our present situation.

SADLER, the linen-draper of Leeds,

appears to have made a pretty long speech about *population* and *emigration*, but said not a word upon the subject of the petition. He quoted lying old Hollinshed, and also a scrap of Latin, from that very useful book the *Dictionary of Quotations*.

HUSKISSON came next; and after some excursive matter; after a sort of bush-fighting about emigration and colonies, he came to the subject of the petition, and said, that he would *not enter into the causes of the distress*; that he looked back *with pride* on the part he had taken in the passing of the Small-note Bill of 1826; that the use of machinery and other causes had produced distress in the country; that he could not admit that these distresses arose from the currency; that *free trade* was the *grand remedy*; and that if we persevere in it, he had no hesitation in saying, that the country would be more prosperous than it ever had been before.

After an *Episode* about the *Sican River* came BROUGHAM again, and he said that, he trusted, that *under no circumstances whatever* the currency would be tampered with again! This brought up BARING a second time, who said, that "much as the honourable and learned gentleman might say of the *"impolicy of tampering with the currency, we could not carry on two campaigns of war without having recourse to a Bank Restriction."* Upon this up rose BROUGHAM again, and said, "he was *glad of it*; that he desired that this country should avoid a war, and that NOW when war was talked of, he begged the talkers to remember *"that war included Bank Restriction!"* Bravo! Bravo! Lawyer BROUGHAM! So that here you are, taking you all together, now saying what I have been saying for the last fifteen years. Baring says, that we cannot go to war without Bank Restriction (*assignats* to wit); and PEEL says, that he *trusts in God* there *never will be another Bank Restriction!* BROUGHAM is as happy as a prince that *the nation cannot go to war!* I will say no more; the thing is done: here we are just in the very mess which I always predicted as the result of the paper sys-

tem. I conclude the article with recommending you, my friends and readers, to read with attention the following letter, sent me by a gentleman who was sitting in the gallery while this debate was going on. I am, my friends,

Your friend, and
obedient servant,
WM. COBBETT.

DEBATE

ON

BIRMINGHAM PETITION.

London, 6th June, 1829.

SIR,

You have doubtless read the discussion which took place in the House of Commons, on the presentation of the Birmingham Petition; and though you must have enjoyed, while reading, that satisfaction which a good hearty laugh commonly produces, I must yet regret that you were not yourself present in person to benefit from the aspirations of profound wisdom which rose from the Members of the *House of little Lords*, (to borrow an expression of Mr. T. Attwood's) to edify their unacknowledged auditors in the gallery. You would have laughed at the Whig lawyer, who talked most patriotically of reducing salaries of every description, who said that it was fair and just to make such reduction, and yet who is himself about to step into office, unless common report lie more atrociously than ordinary, and to receive, without compunction, a salary, which he has declared ought in justice to be diminished, in proportion to the increased value of the money in which it is paid. And should an individual like me, venture to address to him one or two respectful observations, merely to remind him that what was just before he came into place does not necessarily change its character after that important event; that an act of honesty would not be the less valuable because it happened to be singular; and to intimate also the propriety of a voluntary surrender on his part of from 30 to 50 per cent. of his salary: it is to be feared that he would

frown on me even from the judgment-seat, shaking his judicial wig with any thing but judicial calmness of demeanour; that he would talk of character and important duties; and would conclude by chinking his quarter's pay, duly counted out in gold coin of 3*l.* 17*s.* 10½*d.* per ounce, with an air of defiance, in my face.

Loud would have been your laughter at hearing the godfather of Peel's Bill, occupying himself in hunting out twenty causes to which he attributes the distress of the country, and proving very complacently that these twenty causes are all at work in producing depression, stagnation, &c.; while shortly after he proved as satisfactorily by sundry columns of figures, that there ought to be no disturbances and riots requiring to be put down by columns of soldiers, and that these figures show to demonstration, that the happiness of the country is increasing. This child of the loom would convince us that the men who fight for bread, who tear open with naked force the barricadoed and guarded provision shops, and, without arms, struggle for food against the pistols and sabres of the whiskered and mounted soldiery, are not suffering and in want, but pampered and well-fed! However, the weavers may console themselves with the assurance, which I think you, Sir, will confirm to them, that before the thing has crawled on many months, there is not a man among them, not a single sufferer from poverty and famine, whose lot will not be preferable to that of this promising young man.

How you would have stared to find Wilmot Horton giving the Collective a lecture on the report of the Emigration Committee, with a concise exposition of the degree of the redundancy of labour in the parish of Shipley, the real cause thereof, and the veritable remedy. Of a truth his nostrums for the relief of the country are so nauseous that they might be supposed to possess some efficacy. But Wilmot Horton cannot for the soul of him see how "the redundant labour" at Shipley could have been affected "by the change of the currency." But he can discover that the emigration of labourers to Canada, will produce a

change for the better in the parish, county, or principality which bears his name, in that hive of placemen and tax-gatherers. *By-and-by the population may become redundant there; and then what will Horton do?* And here I must thank you, Sir, for your very able remarks on the subject of emigration, and your valuable advice to emigrants. Your old acquaintance, Huskisson, seems, I am sorry to say, to have lost, in the opinion of his fellow members, much of his claim to their attention, when he lost his place. This change in sentiment concerning him is the less justifiable, since his notions are as erroneous, and as obstinately maintained as ever. He does, to be sure, occasionally change his ground, but he takes care to be as far wrong as ever, and his title to an undisturbed hearing ought to remain therefore unquestioned.

The *hot-and-cold* doctor, Baring, I have reserved for a *bonne bouche*; and I wish to point out some of his observations to your attention. *Ebbs and flows and fluctuations* formed the staple of his first speech (for he made three, two of which were little speeches, called explanations): complimenting both sides, differing with both, and with no decided side of his own, he fluttered from one point to another, but at last appeared disposed to settle on Peel's Bill and the heavy standard. But when Brougham spoke, in his reply, much of the mischiefs of tampering with the currency, and deprecated any measure which might again produce depreciation *under any possible circumstances*, BARING rose and said loudly, that *much as the honourable and learned gentleman might say of the impolicy of tampering with the currency, and much as he might deprecate such a proceeding, no person could assert that we could pass through two campaigns of war, without having recourse to a Bank Restriction*. These were his words as nearly as I can state them from recollection, not having met with a report of them in the newspapers. Brougham again got up to say that much as on every account he desired that this country should avoid a war, this was an additional reason to strengthen him in his opinion, and that he hoped now when gentlemen

talked of going to war they would remember, *that a war involved a Bank Restriction*.

To me these few sentences appear the most important part of a debate which lasted several hours, and I think you will agree with me. The Ministers hope to shuffle on with the aid of a little quiet *tampering*; with Peel's Bill; without equitable adjustment, or a reduction of taxes, salaries and debt, *till they are compelled to go to war*, and then the Bank of England bullion-shop will be shut, and they will sell paper by bales, instead of gold by the ounce.

I trust you will excuse my troubling you with this letter, but I thought you would not be sorry to have some account of the only debate on the currency question during this Session of Parliament, from one of your constant readers, who was

A STRANGER IN THE GALLERY.

To Wm. Cobbett, Esq.

PEEL'S PROSPERITY.

(From a Correspondent.)

SIR,

I WILL give you just a *sketch* of *Peel's Prosperity*, which is now being liberally dispensed "from the portals of an ancient monarchy." In the first place, I will speak of the lead and tin trades: when I first came to London, the houses of —, —, and — & Co. used to get at least 14*l.* per ton, clear profit, on white lead, unground. What do you think they get now? Why, Sir, it is sold, the very best dry, at 26*l.* 10*s.* net money, and they do not get the odd 30*s.* to pay the cartage. Sheet lead can be bought for 17*l.* per ton; on this they get, perhaps, 10*s.* for their cartage, not one farthing more; and such is the state of the wretched trade, that I firmly assert, if they make a bad debt of 100*l.* they must sell 100 tons more lead before they recover their loss. Sixpence, again, on a box of tin worth 2*l.*, is considered a profit; and I have sold a wagon-load of block tin for cash, at 67*s.* 6*d.* net money, *at cost price*; query, *what do I mean*—What is the consequence? Why the clerks are starved; the traveller is

starved, unless he robs and plunders. So much for your great lead men; a more base, degraded, corrupt, and unhappy set of devils for masters, this earth never produced. Next on the stage come the colour-manufacturers; these men, who formerly spurned the idea of selling a pound of paint retail, now open the warehouse to all old women daubers in the parish: the poor painter loses his trade; and the manufacturer his credit and respectability: what causes all this? Why the ready money of the retailer is wanted by the manufacturer; he cannot pay his men; his men work for 16s. and 14s. per week, when they used to get 21s. to 24s. So much, Sir, for colour works; but before I dispose of these colourmen, I can assure you that that trade, once thought to be the most snug and profitable one, is reduced to a mere nothing. Colours that ten years ago used to fetch 16s. per lb., are sold now for 4s. per lb.; there is, in fact, no profit on those articles; and now the building game is over, you may have them for a mere nothing. The next once good business was a drysalter: this is totally vanished, for the calico printer and dyers, through necessity, go to the brokers themselves for their indigo, madder, logwoods, saffron, &c. &c.; all the middle men have sunk into their graves, or the most abject poverty. In the colonial trade we find things still more wretched, for those being articles of wonderful consumption, of course they command a vast ready money return, which monies, through the bare profits of the trade, must be turned so often, and at such risk, that hundreds are ruined, which would not be the case if the profits were greater: 6d. per cwt. on a bag of rice, for instance, is a selling *profit delivered*: who can wonder that men in such a trade should become dishonest, and spend their creditors' capital? Men must live, and if not by profit, says broad brim; live, John: here are precepts for youth. Hutton always thought, with the sailor, a man had better be without brains than money. No doubt low profits in trade make low-minded and villainous masters, and their men sink in proportion; the masters rob their creditors, and often their friends; and the men, in return for low wages, rob their master by hook or by crook, only with this difference, the master becomes an *honourable* bankrupt when found out; and the poor man, if detected, becomes a felon, condemned, and transported, perhaps, for the value of 1s. 6d.; while the master, a day perhaps previous to his failure, went on 'Change, and ordered 1000l. worth of goods, on tick. Formerly, merchants used, when in want of money, to go on the highways, and rob, but now they prefer the politer mode, to walk on 'Change. The banking system being now almost destroyed, I shall not take up my time about it. The ship-owning trade, *alias* beggars' profession, is in a consumption, and a galloping one too. Freight to India; freight did I say? there is no such thing as freight, it is all *ballast*, save the passengers. What is 4l. 16s. per ton? what 5l.? Why my old father, only a barge owner at Maidstone, in Kent, used to get 15s. per ton for goods taken from London to Maidstone in Kent, 135 miles: and only 5l., and not that for dead-weight to India, thousands of miles: what, the devil! and ship-owners keep their country-houses, carriages, and servants! they must all fail, the *game is up*; nor can they make up the deficiency by effecting sales. India spews with English goods already, or else with *mechanics*; and the poor pursers and captains no longer make money by *salting* the merchants' invoices; that is, by selling the goods for more than they were ordered to sell them, and by imposing a new invoice on the foreigner. No, no, Mr. Cobbett, these gentry come home now with empty pockets, and their fine chronometers will soon go to the pawn-shop to keep them until the ship clears out again; that is, while there are asses enough to send ships to make their reduced capitals lower. If this be true with the East India trade, what must be the wretched state of minor shipping establishments? Why, let us ask the ship-chandler; let us inquire why and Co. of Wapping used to fit out fourteen of their own ships to all parts of

the world, and now they have sold them all, and their trade as ship-chandlers is now a mere milk-score. What is the wretched freight to the West Indies? Starvation itself; and the chief-mates of their ships are obliged often to give up their beds for stowage; that the ship may pay at all; their stores they make last two voyages, and sail twice for less than formerly *once*; and all coasting vessels are equally reduced, and the craft is fast wearing out for want of repairing, &c., like the farms described by Attwood and you. The ship-chandlers all get weary of opening and shutting up their huge warehouses; every day they see the same fish cranes, harpoons; the same boat-hooks, cannon, rope, and compasses; they think it best to cry over their goods, rather than cry after them; that is, they know if they trust ship-owners, they will be robbed; for it often happens the Captain comes for a fit-out, not to return; but take to a better, a less beggarly country: and here you have truth in every line, not overdrawn; not spoken in passion, or malice; but spoken for useful information to those to whom you may choose to impart it. Now, Sir, I come to the trade I am now following. Some months ago, I saw an advertisement in the *Bloody Old Times* paper, stating, that a Traveller was wanted, accustomed to the wholesale ironmongery, &c., and who had a thorough knowledge of Town, &c. &c. Security, &c. required. My answer was, that I knew every person of consequence in every trade, in every street, throughout London and its vicinity, and some in most towns throughout England; had represented the first houses in so and so. Well, Sir, I was hired out of 700 applicants, and was to have 1 per cent. on all my sales, and 25s. per week, fixed salary. This is but very little for a man like me to accept of; however, I thought I should do no harm by getting hold of the agency for nine or ten of the first factories at Birmingham and Wolverhampton. Well, Sir, I soon perceived that a general depôt was wanted for brass-foundry, japan wares, gunnery, plated wares, edge-tools, &c. &c.; and I also found that the manufacturers were glad

to send up a stock at the most enormous sacrifices, some taking 25, 30, 40, 50, and 55 per cent. off for cash; and the little shopkeepers, by this means, have found, that Birmingham has *walked up to Queen Street*; that they can buy as cheap now as the largest houses who keep 20,000*l.* stock; and these great houses are drooping; they are under-sold by little men, and even pawn-brokers. Out with them! People from poverty go not to the principal streets, as Ludgate, Cornhill, and Bishopsgate Street; no, no; they say we are not going to pay for rent and taxes, and tradesmen's country houses and carriages; so that Mr. —, of Fish Street Hill, now declares to me, though he has been 29 years on that Hill, he did not take 20s. ready money all last week. One man asks me, if things are at their worst? Another, how long it will last! Another asks, why it is so? and no money and no orders, is the cry from Blackwall to Chelsea: and the great houses, to reduce their stock, come to us for a few dozens of an article, because its profits will not pay them to keep it by them; and this they do, well knowing that we agents will ultimately ruin them. While we prosper, they fall into decay, panic-struck and forlorn.

Such, Sir, is the true version of commerce in this once-famed city: such the true character of the merchant and trader.

I have the honour to be,

Sir,

Yours most respectfully,

To Wm. Cobbett, Esq.

The following letter, addressed to a friend who sailed for New York last month, relates to *divers matters*, each of which I deem worthy of the attention of my readers. The contents are under *several dates*; and I think this a very convenient way of communicating such miscellaneous matters to my readers.

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TO

A FRIEND IN LONG ISLAND.

Barn-Film Farm, 25th May, 1829.

DEAR SIR,

I HOPE that by the time that this will meet your eye, you, who sailed from Portsmouth on the 16th instant, will be landed on that shore, where there are no laws to authorise the agents of the rich to dispose of the dead bodies of the poor, to be cut up, as the buyers please, for the benefit of those same rich. I congratulate you most sincerely on the step you have taken, the wisdom of which becomes more and more evident every day. In the few days that have elapsed since your departure, things have become manifestly worse. Three country banks have stopped in SOMERSETSHIRE and DEVONSHIRE, and three in Gloucestershire; and though the law is evaded, and, indeed, violated in the most flagrant manner; though the *big fellows*, the haughty and insolent borough-mongers, are paying their *work-people* in *cheques* instead of gold; though every contrivance is resorted to, in order to shuffle out of the law, and to keep the small paper-money afloat; though all this is going on, still the thing has got such a *blow*, that it reels like a drunken man. In short, ruin stares in the face every man who does not live on the taxes, while the labourers are actually in a state of half-starvation. Hundreds of country-labourers come to my farm, ready to drop down for want of food. Many of them tell me, that they have not had any thing to eat for two or three days; and their looks corroborate what they say.

You are happy to have escaped from such a state of things. In another six or seven years, the **THING** would have licked up all your money, and might have disposed of your body for the benefit of science! This last act puts an end to all dispute and hesitation. Now there is nothing to call our country: that name is at an end with me as long as this sort of Parliament remain: I care not whether the bill pass the Lords or not: its having passed in one House is quite enough for me, and for every man of

any sense of justice, and who has any thing like mercy in his nature. You have fled in time: thousands upon thousands, who might have fled like you, will remain, and will come to a premature and miserable end. I do not say, that they *all* deserve it; but many of them do. They love the slavery; they hug their chains; and they merit the destruction that awaits them. Let them stay; let them suffer: let them die slaves; and *let their bodies be sold and cut up!*

But come, now, to be serious; it was rather *hard* of you to take away your few thousands just when the gracious boroughmongers stood most in need of them! You might, if you had not been a "*disaffected and designing person*," have left the *money* behind you, at any rate: the *money you might have left, if not your body*. To take *both* away out of the reach of the poor boroughmongers was, as bright old Liverpool said, "*too bad*!" I dare say you laughed in your sleeve when you saw the last of, when you took the last look at, the "*nice little, tight little island*," which is "*the envy of surrounding nations and the admiration of the world*!" I dare say you laughed as you said: "Good by, boroughmongers! Good by, excise-men! Good by, paupers! Good by, *surplus population*! Good by, Wilmot Horton! Good by, Malthus! Good by, parson justices! Good by, tithes! Good by, dead-weight, female as well as male! Good by, dog-tax, and horse-tax, and window-tax, and gig-tax, and servants'-tax, and malt, and beer, and wine and spirit-tax! Good by, *people's DEBT* and *King's ARMY*! Good by, palace-building! Good by '*British Empire*,' and '*Imperial bushel*!' Oh, good by!" I dare say you *laughed* while you were saying this, and just as the land was dropping out of sight. Mind, however, that you are not caught *here again*; for if you be, you may be made to "*laugh on the other side of your mouth*." If we should get hold of your *body* one of these days, we shall let you know what it is to laugh at our "*Imperial bushel*," the dimensions of which were, by an Act of the "*Imperial*

Parliament!" determined, as you well know, *by the beating of a pendulum in a heat of sixty-two degrees of Farenheit's thermometer!* We will let you know what it is to laugh at our "*Imperial bushel*," or at any of our *Imperial science*. You cannot deny, at any rate, that we have a *Debt* worthy of the epithet *Imperial*: you may show your teeth, you may grin, but you cannot laugh at this part of our glorious possessions: you will emigrate a pretty many times, I believe, before you will find a *Debt* equal to ours! MABERLY called it so many millions of *capital*, and Maberly is as *sharp as a needle*. Here is a mass of *capital*, then! And you, foolish man, would not stay to share in the possession of a good round thousand millions of *capital*!

26th May, 1829.

Since you went away, yesterday, indeed there was, in "*Imperial*" House that passed the Dead-body Bill, a discussion relative to the *palace-building*, whence it appears, that, if you had not gone away so soon as you did, you would have had the honour to pay part of *thirty-four thousand pounds sterling*, the cost of **THE SCULPTURE ALONE OF ONE ARCHWAY TO ONE OF THE PALACES!** This sum is equal to *five years' salary for the President of the United States!* And, this expenditure is taking place, while the poor, all over the kingdom, are in a state bordering on starvation, and while ruin is falling upon tradesmen, farmers, merchants, and, indeed, on every body who receives nothing out of the taxes. When you send your butter to market, and get the money in return, you can, as you put it into the drawer, say, "not a farthing of that will be taken from me to help to pay thirty-four thousand pounds for the sculpture of an archway!" I think I see you hugging yourself and smiling as you mutter the words: and then, turning round from the drawer, and patting one of your boys on the head, I hear you say, "No, no, George! none of that will ever go to pay for sculpture over archways, my boy!"

On the 19th of May, Peel made the

following statement in the House of Commons. "From the returns which he had before him, it appeared that the increase of crime in the metropolis, within a comparatively short period, was truly alarming. The number of persons charged at the Old Bailey was—

In the year 1822 . . .	2,539
1823 . . .	2,503
1824 . . .	2,621
1825 . . .	2,902
1826 . . .	3,457
1827 . . .	3,381

"and in 1828 the number was not less than 5,316; showing an immense increase as compared with the number in 1822." Now, observe, there are about a million of people in this WEN. One half of these are children and old and feeble people; so that here is, of the able-bodied, one detected criminal for every 94 persons; and observe, that this is only as far as the *Old Bailey* is concerned. There are four, if not ten times the number brought before justices and the sessions, and punished by them. And it really would appear, that if the undetected be included, there is one criminal to every six or seven grown persons; and we know that there is one pauper to every eight persons, exclusive of beggars. Such are the fruits of a "*Parliament that works well*."

A paper called **THE LEEDS MERCURY** of the 16th instant, states, that "at Burnley, in Lancashire, out of a population of 6,000, there are 2,760 who live on 1s. 3d. each per week, and 801 who are living upon 2s. 4d. each per week; and yet the people are remarkably quiet!" Here are a set of quiet wretches, living for A WEEK on just about a quarter part of what an American artizan, or even labourer, gets for A DAY! Yet, as I have heard, do these, or some such half-starved slaves, when they get to America, and get full, complain of the climate! Delicate creatures! It is pity such "very quiet" souls should be exposed to a rude climate! It is not for the good of America that such extremely quiet persons should go to it. Sober, sensible men, having some

money, and hating the **THING**, and resolved that it shall have no more of their money: these are the men to go to America. Let the *good, quiet* souls, who are content to live on *fifty-one farthings a week*, remain here. Besides, it is not right that America, who bravely resolved not to have boroughmongers, should be over-run by boroughmongers' paupers.

28th May, 1829.

A few days ago, it came out in the House of Commons, that the Government here had *drawn bills of Exchange on Rothschild*, at eight months after date, to a great amount, and *had got the cash from him*. It was said, that this was *to get silver to coin!* What! *buy silver* with bills of exchange *at eight months!* What for? Why not go into the *bullion market* for silver? Very little was said about it: it passed off as a thing of no moment, though there was no *act* nor any *vote* to sanction the proceeding.

The rag-rooks keep their small notes out to pretty nearly their former extent; and this in *open defiance of the law!* Oh, it is certainly "the envy of surrounding nations and admiration of the world"! A gentleman wrote to me the other day to inform me, that being at *Monmouth* early in *May*, he had very great difficulty in getting change for a *5l. Bank of England note*. It was, I suppose, necessary for him to have change, to pay his reckoning at the *Inn*. He could have got change in *country notes*: he wanted sovereigns, because he had only a part of the five pounds to pay at the inn; and, with great difficulty and long waiting, he got *two!* The innkeeper would not send the *5l. note to the banker of the place!* Why should he? For, why should the banker *give gold* for a *5l. London note!* This gentleman, whom I know very well, tells me, that, in that part of the country, the small notes appear to be *as current as ever* in spite of the law. However, though this *seems* to be, it cannot be: some of the vile tyrants' rags have been actually *worn out*; others are so black as to be *illegible*; and then, the fear of the penalty will have some effect. At any rate, there will be great numbers of persons who will not take *one pound notes*: people are even now, very fond of gold; and this fondness will and

must increase. The *landowners* thought, that the one-pound notes were of no consequence *to them!* They have found out their mistake already; for on an average, the business of people in London has fallen off *one-half* in the last year. They are thoroughly frightened at last. How many thousands of them now repent that they did not *cut and run* sometime back! And how many thousands will be totally ruined, who might have got away with a good bit of money each! They are now, a great many of them, *too late*: the greater part of their money is gone: they have been *waiting for things to get better*, in order that they might *wind up their affairs advantageously*; they have been thus waiting, until they have lost nearly all; until they are too poor to get away; and this is the lot of thousands upon thousands.

30th May, 1829.

The *farmers* are in a horrible state. They will not pay more, on an average, than 75 per cent. of the *Ladyday's rent*. The wheat looks well; and if there be a fair crop, it will be very low, and the base slaves will begin to taste the merited fruits of their cowardliness, and of their cruelty to the poor. In a class so numerous, you now and then find a spirited and humane man; but the general run deserve to suffer all the pains that this **THING**, which they have upheld, has in store for them; and most terrible pains these are, I assure you. There has been suffering before; but nothing like what is coming now. Indeed, it is *come*. It is surprising with what rapidity the distress has come on this time. I think it impossible that the **THING** should go on in the *present way* until Christmas.

There are rumours about the Duke of Wellington being about to be *turned out*. I do not believe this; but I should not be surprised if, tormented as he will be by this paper-money affair, he were to *resign!* If he do that, he is *done for ever*; he will be the laughing-stock of the world; and that will *not be all!* Faith, he must keep his place, power, and especially his patronage, or he is *done for!* Yet I do not see how he is to keep these without putting out the paper-money again; and he cannot put that out without *shame and dishonour*

indelible. He is in a mess; he is in a tar-barrel; he is in a New Jersey road in the month of March; *my plan* alone could extricate him, and my plan so *high-bred* a personage cannot be expected to adopt: that plan is reserved for some one of more common breed.

Bankruptcies and *insolvent processes* are almost wholly put aside now. The mode now is to make *compositions*; and of these hundreds take place in a week, and every week, in London! The law expenses are thus saved. Between the tax-eaters and the tax-payers the distinction is daily more and more evident. This must be; for the tax-eaters *gain* what the payers *lose* by this small-note affair. The tax-eaters make a greater show than ever; they display greater luxury; and it must be so, in consequence of these measures. No man can tell how this affair is to *end*; but, *change it must*, in a very short time, in one way or another.

"*The right of search*" (so well understood in America!) has been begun to be exercised by the *Russians*, and on *English ships*. Our commerce with *TURKEY* is our *oldest*, and, all taken together, our *very best*. If Russia overcome Turkey, the Turks will be driven out of Europe, and Russia will have the Turkish dominions, and will have the command of the *LEVANT*. This will soon be followed by our complete expulsion from the *MEDITERRANEAN*; *MALTA* will be evacuated by us; and I verily believe, that *GIBRALTAR* will soon follow. In the meanwhile, by way of a beginning, the *Russians*, who have now got a stout fleet in the *LEVANT*, are *searching our ships to prevent them from carrying supplies to the Turks!* Just as we used to search the American ships to prevent them from carrying supplies to the French! "Tit for tat, butter for fat, sauce for goose sauce for gander"! The people in the *City* are making a dreadful outcry about this Russian searching; but let us look back a little, and see what *right* they have to complain. For several years previous to 1812, we not only did to the American merchant ships that which the *Russians* are now doing to ours; we not only searched their ships for goods, but we seized them and condemned them for being (whatever might

be their cargo) *bound to France* or to *any country* of which France had possession. We declared, not particular places only in a *state of blockade*, but whole coasts and kingdoms; and these declarations we enforced in the most rigorous manner. Far, however, were we from stopping here: we stopped American ships *on the high seas*, not only to search them for goods, but for *seamen*, claiming a right to take out of them all *seamen who were our King's subjects*. This was what no nation had ever before pretended to have a right to do. But we did more than this: we seized, in this way, *native American seamen*, and *compelled them to serve on board our ships of war*, in which service many of them were *killed!* At last, the American people called upon their Government for *WAR* against us *on this ground*. And now we took these Americans, whom we had thus seized and compelled to serve us, and we shut them up **AS PRISONERS OF WAR!** Gracious God! Some of them endeavoured to break out of the prison at *DARTMOOR*, and they were *SHOT* by our soldiers! This will never be forgotten: I have seen a history of this transaction, with the names of the prisoners that were killed, hanging up framed and glazed in many farm-houses in America, and the transaction is also recorded in the American *ALMANACKS*. The war that we had to carry on for the sake of *this right*, cost us *seventy-five millions* of that Debt which is now driving people from the country, and producing all the other degrading effects that we behold. Amongst these effects is this *searching*, this unceremonious ransacking on the part of the *RUSSIANS*. No Minister can be so blind as not to see the disgrace of submitting to this conduct of the *Russians*; no Minister can fail to see, that if Russia succeed we shall be expelled from the *Mediterranean*; he cannot fail to see, that it is only by *war* that we can prevent this; and yet *how with this Debt is a Minister to go to war?* Curious result of "*conquering France*"! Curious, too, that we should have for chief Minister, at this very time, "*the hero who twice conquered France*"! Read, nations of the earth, and learn not to *boast of "victories,"*

Will you have paid for them! Take warning by the fate of "the envy of surrounding nations, and admiration of the world!"

10th June.

I was about to close my letter, when we got the news of the breaking of the Botany Bay Bank. "The last accounts from Sydney, which come down to the 11th of January, bring intelligence of the stoppage of the New South Wales Bank! and, as might naturally be expected from such an event, the distress and consternation of the settlers are said to be extreme. This is not, however, the only remarkable news. We are told that the Governor has ordered the whole of the papers and money of the Commissariat Department to be seized in a very summary way by a FILE OF SOLDIERS. In the present state of our knowledge, we are not able to account for the connexion of these two facts. Has there been any accommodation granted to the Bank out of the Government monies? or, what is more probable, have the Government officers been speculating in land or produce by the aid of the Bank?" This is the language of the London papers upon the subject. You once mentioned Van Diemen's Land as a place to emigrate to! "What!" said I, "get away from under the belly of the cat, and expose yourself to her claw!" Oh, no! the THING is quite enough for any common patience here: what the devil then, must it be, where a "file of soldiers" are sent to settle disputed accounts! In short, all the people that go to these colonies are mad; or they are in so desperate a state, that they care not what becomes of them. This bank story is a very pretty one! I dare say that it will make a species of revolution amongst the loyal convicts. These amiable and faithful subjects are, I dare say, very much attached to "public credit" and "good faith"! But, it is well for you, that you have sailed in another direction.

I must now conclude with expressing my most anxious wish, that you may all arrive safe and in good health, and that this blessing may continue to be your constant inmate along with that real liberty which you will now enjoy. I

cannot help thinking of the feelings that you will experience at seeing no beggars, hearing of no paupers, fearing no tax-gatherers, and seeing no woe-worn slaves crawling to insolent tax-eaters! How strange, good God! your wife will feel, when she is making her own soap and her own candles! And will you be able to persuade yourself, that you can make as much malt, and gather and dry as many hops as you like, without being more than half put to death for it? You will, for some time, hardly know what you are about. Take care, by-the-by, how you dream! When I was in Long Island, I used sometimes to dream that I was in England, and that Sidmouth's and CASTLEREAGH's people had me: and I used to wake up in such frights! When my people were making candles, upon one occasion, I, dreaming that I was in England, and dreaming, at the same time, about the candle-making, cried out in my sleep, "Oh, God! Oh, God! He's coming! He's coming! Hide! Hide! I shall be ruined! I shall be killed"! This, having waked a Frenchman who slept in the next room, who had been with Napoleon in St. Helena, who had been chased away from England by Sidmouth, Castlereagh, and Company, whom I had met with on board of ship, to whom I had given shelter in my house, and who always was afraid of being taken off the island by the English; my cries having waked him, he started out of bed, and, catching up a long staff, into one end of which he had put the blade of an old sharp-pointed carving-knife, forming a sort of pike for his defence, he rushed towards my room-door, but was met on the landing-place by my man servant (a newly-arrived Englishman, with his head full of robbery and murder) who also had heard my cries, and who, therefore, concluding (it being very dark) that this was a robber that had got up stairs, and that had alarmed me, rushed upon my harmless guest, and pretty soon got his fingers and thumb on the two sides of poor Monsieur ROUSSEAU's windpipe, the pike having, somehow or other, dropped on the floor. By this time the fright of my dream had completely awakened me; and finding that there was a scuffle going on outside my door; and hearing ROUSSEAU cry

out, in a sort of choking voice, "*On m'assassine ! on m'assassine !*" and hearing these cries, which were in a treble tone, intermixed with the deep bass in which my servant was accustomed to deal out his left-handed blessings ; hearing "*Sacré Anglois,*" and "*Vrench zon ov a bitch,*" striving hard for precedence, and believing that the Monsieur had been attempting to commit a trespass where the other pretended to an exclusive right, I hastened to the scene of action, and (but not without some difficulty) emancipated the throat of poor Rousseau ; but not before it had had two black spots imprinted on it, which remained visible for four or five months. An explanation now took place. The parties, after having accused each other, found that neither was to blame. The Frenchman, who understood little English, could, from my cries, only gather that I was alarmed ; but when I told the Englishman the purport of my dream, he saw at once that it was the exciseman that I had in my sleep seen coming : he, therefore, could easily account for my terror and my screams. And what *might* have been the consequence of this dream ? Luckily, the Frenchman let fall his pike, or it might have gone into the body of his antagonist ; there would have been a coroner's inquest ; perhaps a trial ; a funeral ; and to a certainty a direct and positive charge against me, in the English newspapers, of having been guilty of wilful and deliberate murder.

Take care, therefore, how you dream, especially at malt and soap and candle-making times. Take care how you dream, and pray to God to bless brave Jonathan in general, and President Jackson in particular, for having secured for you a country in which there are no excisemen.

15th June.

I have kept my letter back longer than I intended. Since I wrote the first part of it I have learned a good deal about the state of the country. The landlords, in several places, have made deductions from the rents of their tenants. They may as well make them as not ; for the tenants in general cannot pay in full ; and, next year, they will pay nothing. Nineteen-twentieths of them will be sold

up in a year from this day ; and the tax-eaters will have the worth of their goods. One of two things *must* be : the paper-money must come back ; or there must be a *blowing up* ; for *EQUITABLE ADJUSTMENT* is mine, and all must perish rather than let *that* be adopted ! The thing works just as I always said it would : the five-pound notes will not come out from the country banks : if they get out they cannot stay out : they are of no use to the rook without the ones ; this was always so evident to me, that I wonder how any one could miss seeing it. Yet most people believed GOULBURN, who told them, that there would be more fives in consequence of the suppression of the ones ! From every part of the country accounts come of the refusal of bankers to put out five-pound notes. To be sure, for they must actually have in their till five sovereigns for every note that they have out ! The KENTISH CHRONICLE told us, the other day, that farmers had to send twenty or thirty miles to get change for five-pound notes to pay their men. Take the very words : "The scarcity of small change is the general complaint now in the country ; and it is no uncommon thing for farmers and others to be under the necessity of sending twenty or thirty miles, before they can procure change for a five-pound note."

Now, how is this ! Why send twenty or thirty miles for change of a five-pound note ? This is the reason : the holders have got notes of distant banks. For instance, a man at Tonbridge has a Canterbury five-pound note. He wants it changed. The banker at Tonbridge will not change it : why should he, when he can change it by nothing but gold ? And why should any body else change it ; seeing that they cannot get gold for it without sending it to Canterbury ? So that, at last, the holder is compelled to send the note from Tonbridge to Canterbury ; and I will pass my word and honour for him, that he does not, if he be not more than nine-tenths drunk, take another five-pounder of a distant bank ! Sometimes the bankers change such notes for a commission. There is, in reality depreciation and two prices even now ! For in the markets and fairs, transactions like the following are constantly taking place. A farmer (whom I know very well) sold some sheep at the last Salisbury market but one, and the buyer, a farmer near Newbury, could not pay except in Newbury five-pound notes. The seller, who came

from near Hindon, could do nothing with these. An effort was made to get the *Salisbury banker to change them for some of his rags*. Oh, no! and *why should he, for he must have paid his own in gold in half an hour perhaps*. The farmer who had bought the sheep agreed, therefore, to give the other *three-pence in the pound* to take the Newbury notes, though there was no doubt at all as to the goodness of the notes. Here are *two prices*: the Newbury farmer will, another time, take *gold*, and not notes, to Salisbury market. And thus will the fives be put out of circulation. A friend of mine saw some pigs sold at Reading market, last week, and the purchaser having to pay in notes of some other place, bargained to *pay a crown more on that account!* Here are *two prices*. This work will soon make the country five-pounders hide their heads; the *London five-pounders will follow*; and then, *what?* Why, we go back to the prices of 1792, or we have bank-restriction, legal tender, and assignats! That is to say, unless we have *Norfolk Petition*. Thus I have them, at last, fairly pinched up in my cleft stick! Bank of England notes are, in a market or fair, as bad as distant country-bank notes; for the banker in the market-town will not change them *without a commission*; and in a few months the whole of the paper-fabric will give tokens of tumbling. It is very curious that the bankers themselves do not appear to have anticipated this. They never, in any one case, predicted it; and it seems now to have *taken them by surprise!* What, then, I did not warn them! Aye, but they did, *of course, despise my warning*. Let them be ruined, then!

The poor fellows in the WEN, nearly all of whom *approved of the suppression of the one-pounders*, and who now are smarting under that suppression, are, with regard to the *fives*, just as mad as they were with regard to the *ones*; for they *cannot*, for the souls of them, see how the disappearance of the fives of the pigs can have any effect on those of the sow. Very well, then; go on, believe that they have no effect on them; despise my warning again; and take ruin as the reward of your perverseness. How severely, good God! has this nation suffered for its Ministers and Parliament having rejected my advice! If they had attended to my *LETTER TO TIERNEY*, published in England a whole year before they passed *PEEL'S BILL*, what sorrow, what ruin, what suicides, what madness, would have been prevented! When you see Mr. *TREDWELL*, of Salisbury Plain, ask him to show you the fine *BLACK WALNUT-TREE*, sitting under which I wrote that memorable letter, dated on the 1st of July, 1818, and which letter I concluded in the following words:—
 "Sir, I am, at this moment, sitting under the deep shade of a walnut-tree, the thermometer at ninety-eight degrees, nearly naked, and the sweat pouring down my breast: yet the thought of heat, ten million times as great at this to be endured for ages, would

not be, to my mind, half so horrible as the thought of impunity to these base and savage tyrants." Pray go and see the tree, which stands at a few yards distance from the spot where the back-door of my house was. It is (for I hope it is still standing) a most beautiful tree. Go, sit under it, on some glorious hot day, and take a bottle or two of untaxed wine, drink destruction to the borough-mongers, and have a good hearty laugh at our once-insolent foes, who have been ruined by Peel's Bill. Pray do this: for this laugh is *our due*, though these fools and rogues abuse us for laughing. There are a couple of Editors at BURY ST. EDMUNDS, named *GEDGE*, who publish a newspaper called "*The Bury and Norwich Post*," and who, in their paper of the 27th of May, put forth the following paragraph:—

"The Rev. R. CRUTTWELL, Rector of Spexhall, in this county, and the author of several publications on the Currency, has favoured us with two of his most recent pamphlets, and some remarks upon the notice of an article in the *Quarterly Review*, which appeared in our paper of April 29. Mr. Cruttwell ascribes to us, though with some accompanying terms of courtesy, '*an ill-placed and worse-timed encomium on a profligate writer*,' Mr. Cobbett.—He adds an expression of belief that 'the correctness of our own judgment will ever sufficiently enable us to draw a right line of distinction between a highly improved mind and (he fears) a deeply depraved heart.' Now, we beg to assure Mr. Cruttwell, that to eulogize Cobbett was no part of the object of our notice of the Reviewer's arguments. Our design was simply to exhibit the tendency of the article for our reader's judgment, and we did and we do still regard it as remarkable for the quarter from which it proceeded, and the 'triumph' which it gave to Cobbett's long-asserted opinions as to the effects of the Bank Restriction and the Resumption of Cash Payments. We would have Mr. Cruttwell remember, that Cobbett's brutality—his revelling in the sufferings of all who disagree with him, or who have not the same dexterity which he has shown in escaping from some of the effects of 'tampering with the currency'—that his vulgarity and violence, and his depravity, though fit themes for exposure, have nothing to do with the great question of our national policy. We may despise the man, we may dislike the manner, but we are still bound to pay some attention to the matter of his writings, and it may be allowed to us to show how far he has the concurrence of very opposite politicians, without subjecting ourselves to the imputation of admiring his character, or conceding the full extent of his doctrines."

It seems that the publishers of this are ANN GEDGE and JOHNSON GEDGE. Whether they be mere partners, or "that monster man and wife," I know not. They are low devils, to be sure; but the *she* of the pair may, perhaps,

afford some sport in the showing of her up; and I will show her up, if some friend at BURY will answer me the following questions.—1. *How old* is this abusive and blackguard woman; 2. Is she widow or wife; 3. Has the virago a *colt's tooth* in her head; 4. Is she fat or lean; 5. What sort of face has she; 6. Has she a *red nose*; 7. What religion does she profess; 8. Are there any *anecdotes* about her? "Oh, for shame," some base ruffian will exclaim, "attack a woman!" A woman! This is no woman! It is a base blackguard thing that has got shelter under a parcel of frowzy petticoats; who either knows my private character, or who does not; and who, in either case, has thus slandered me in order to curry favour with people like this malignant and blackguard church-parson, who, if mother GEDGE do not lie, has great and small tithes worth *several hundreds a year*, while the parish contains *only 172 people*, and who has been abusing me for several years past, I never having known the blackguard, and never having done any thing to offend him! This foul-mouthed woman, Mother GEDGE, (whose first name I should like to know) accuses me of "*revelling in the sufferings of all who DISAGREE*" with me. Not exactly so, Mother GEDGE: but, if you like, revelling in the sufferings of all, who, in return for my sound advice for all the pains I have taken to instruct and to serve them, have, like you, heaped upon me the vilest of calumny, or have encouraged others to do it. What! have to endure treatment like this for twenty years, and then not "*revel at the sufferings*" brought on these wretches solely by their having *prevented me from having the power to save them*? If it had not been for these calumnies, I should long ago have been in Parliament; *if I had been there, the sufferings we now behold could never have existed*; and am I not now to revel in the sufferings which have arisen from base and atrocious efforts to destroy myself! What! when the would-be murderer, in aiming a mortal stab at me, happens, through awkwardness, to send the dagger to his own heart, am I to hang around the neck of the bloody-minded wretch, and bathe his face with my tears! Oh, no! christianity rejects this with scorn; and if it did not, it would be a code of injustice. "*Restitution or damnation!*" says the priest in his confessional: *forgiveness without atonement* is not only unjust, but is a direct encouragement to crime. I have never been backward to forgive when *atonement* has been tendered. When O'CONNELL sent to me to say, that he was ready to disavow publicly the slanders against me which had been publicly imputed to him, and, when he *did this*, I shook hands with him. When BURDETT, in 1823, authorized RICHARD GURNEY, of Norwich, to say, that he was *ready to subscribe five hundred pounds towards putting me into Parliament*, and authorized GURNEY to say, that he, BURDETT, was willing that the fact should be made public, and when GURNEY told this to a friend of mine, and that friend told

it to me, I looked upon this as *atonement* for the slanders of Burdett; but when in 1826, he after *having written to COLONEL JOHNSTONE to say that he would subscribe towards my election for Preston*, not only broke his word, but set his tools to work to renew his lies against me, he came back again to his former reprobate state in which he now is; and he will yet, I hope, find that it would have been better for him not to have been born, than to have done what he has done against me. Now, with regard to the *nation*, the *labouring classes* have never been my calumniators, and for their sufferings I feel most deeply: the *middle class* contains a *large portion* of friends, but, I must first know what has been the conduct of the sufferer towards me before I bestow on him my compassion for his sufferings, for many in this class have been most savage and unprovoked enemies: amongst the *high class*, I have few friends, though there are some, and those very good; I hope that these will not suffer; and in the sufferings of the rest I shall *revel*, the censure of MOTHER GEDGE, notwithstanding.—Thus stands the account at present. It will not be very long now before we come to the final settlement of it.

I am, most faithfully, yours,

WM. COBBETT.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

I WANT to give that OLD MOTHER MANGE, The EDINBURGH REVIEW, a real good tearing-to-pieces. I do beseech some kind reader to send me the Numbers from about the time that the publisher Constable and his partner Sir Walter Scott became bankrupts, which was, I think, in 1826. I know I shall find some articles upon the *currency* for us to have glorious laughing at. I have beaten the Scotch many times; but the beat of all beats is coming NOW. I will not keep the Numbers *more than a week*. If any gentleman will be so good as to send them sealed up, to Fleet Street, I will send them back to him very carefully, in ten days at farthest.—Can any one tell me what PETER MACCULLOCH is doing now, besides being head *feelosofer* at the London Scotch University? Peter must, surely, have written something about the *one-pound notes*. I should like just to see it for a moment.—I want also a *report of the trial* which took place in EDINBURGH, 1812 (I think it was), in consequence of BURDETT's claim for a sum of money, alleged by him to have been put into the hands of the *late Lady Oxford's brother*. There was a report of it published at the time; and I should now like to have it, as I know a gentleman who is collecting materials for *writing a Life of Burdett*. I should indeed like to possess a *full history of the whole case*; and I should also like to know, *when, where, and under what circumstances* the late Lady Oxford died.